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A pimply face will not embarrass you much longer if you get a package of Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. The skin should begin to clear after you have taken the tablets a few nights. Cleanse the blood, the bowels and the liver with Olive Tablets. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are the successful substitute for calomel—there's never any sickness or pain after taking them. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets do that which calomel does, and just as effectively, but their action is gentle and safe instead of severe and irritating. No one who takes Olive Tablets is ever cured with a dark brown taste, a bad breath, a dull, listless, "no good" feeling, constipation, torpid liver, bad disposition or pimply face. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a purely vegetable compound mixed with olive oil, you will know them by their olive color. Dr. Edwards spent years among patients afflicted with liver and bowel complaints and Olive Tablets are the immensely effective result. Take one or two nightly for a week. See how much better you feel and look. 25c and 50c boxes. The Olive Tablets Company, Columbus, O.

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**Don't Pay \$3**  
When we can sell you a guaranteed Gas Iron for **\$2**  
**Lee & Parr**  
434 W. PIKE ST.

## The Story of Waitstill Baxter

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

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(Continued.)

"I shouldn't forsake her. Go there when you can, but be more careful about it. You told father that you didn't regret what you had done, and that when he ordered you to do unreasonable things you should disobey him. After all, you are not a black slave. Father will never think of that particular thing again, perhaps, any more than he ever alluded to my driving to Saco with Mrs. Day after you had told him it was necessary for one of us to go there occasionally. He knows that if he is too hard on us Dr. Perry or Uncle Bart would take him in hand. They would have done it long ago if we had ever given any one even a hint of what we have to endure. You will be all right because you only want to do kind, neighborly things. I am the one that will always have to suffer because I can't prove that it's a Christian duty to deceive father and steal off to a dance or a frolic. Yet I might as well be a nun in a convent for all the fun I get. I want a white book muslin dress; I want a pair of thin shoes with buckles; I want a white hat, with a wreath of yellow roses; I want a volume of Byron's poems, and, oh, nobody knows—nobody but the Lord could understand—how I want a string of gold beads!"

"Patty, Patty! To hear you chatter anybody would imagine you thought of nothing but frivolities. I wish you wouldn't do yourself such injustice. Even when nobody hears you but me, it is wrong."

"Sometimes when you think I'm talking nonsense it's really the gospel truth," said Patty. "I'm not a grand, splendid character, Waitstill, and it's no use your deceiving yourself about me. If you do you'll be disappointed."

"Go and parboil the beans and get them into the pot, Patty. Pick up some of the windfalls and make a green apple pie, and I'll be with you in the kitchen myself before long. I never expect to be disappointed in you, Patty—only continually surprised and pleased."

"I thought I'd begin making some sort of soap today," said Patty mischievously as she left the room. "We have enough grease saved up. We don't really need it yet, but it makes such a disgusting smell that I'd rather like father to have it with his dinner. It's not much of a punishment for our sleepless night."

**CHAPTER XV.**  
**A Brace of Lovers.**  
HAYING was over and the close, sticky dog days, too, and August was slipping into September. There had been plenty of rain all the season, and the countryside was looking as fresh and green as an emerald. The hillsides were already clothed with a verdant growth of new grass and—  
The red pennons of the cardinal flowers hung motionless upon their upright stems.  
How they gleamed in the meadow grasses and along the brook-sides, like brilliant flecks of flame, giving a new beauty to the nosegays that Waitstill carried or sent to Mrs. Boynton every week.  
To the eye of the casual observer life in the two little villages by the river's brink went on as peacefully as ever, but there were subtle changes taking place nevertheless. Cephas Cole had "asked" the second time and again had been refused by Patty, so that even a very idiot for hopefulness could not urge his father to put another story on the ell.  
"If it turns out to be Phoebe Day," thought Cephas dolefully, "two rooms is plenty good enough, and I shan't block up the door that leads from the main part, neither, as I thought likely I should. If so be it's got to be Phoebe, not Patty, I shan't care whether mother troops out 'n' in or not." And Cephas dealt out rice and tea and coffee with so languid an air and made such tre-

quent mistakes in weighing the sugar that he drew upon himself many a sharp rebuke from the deacon.  
"Of course I'd chub him over the head with a salt fish twice a day under ordinary circumstances," Cephas confided to his father, with a vaillant air that he never wore in Deacon Baxter's presence, "but I've got a reason, known to nobody but myself, for wanting to stan' well with the old man for a spell longer. If ever I quit wantin' to stan' well with him he'll get his comeuppance short and sudden!"  
"Speakin' o' standin' well with folks, Phil Perry's kind o' makin' up to Patience Baxter, ain't he, Cephas?" asked Uncle Bart guardedly. "Mebbe you wouldn't notice it, bevin' no parti'lar interest, but your mother's kind o' got the idee into her head lately, an' she's turrible farsighted."

"I guess it's so!" Cephas responded gloomily. "It's n'p an' tuck 'tween him an' Mark Wilson. That girl draws 'em as molasses does flies. She does it 'bout liftin' a finger, too, no more'n the molasses does. She just sets still an' is! An' all the time she's nothin' but a flighty little redheaded spitfire that don't know a good husband when she sees one. The feller that gits her will live to regret it, that's my opinion!" And Cephas thought to himself, "Good Lord, don't I wish I was regrettin' it this very minute!"

"I s'pose a girl like Phoebe Day'd be considerable less trouble to live with?" ventured Uncle Bart.  
"I never could take any fancy to that tow hair o' hers! I like the color well enough when I'm peeling it off a corn cob, but I don't like it on a girl's head," objected Cephas hypercritically. "An' her eyes hain't got enough blue in 'em to be blue. They're just like skim milk. An' she keeps her mouth open a little mite all the time, just as if there wa'n't no good draft through, an' she was a-tryin' to git air. An' 'twas me that begun callin' her 'Feeble Phoebe' in school, an' the scholars'll never forgit it. They'd throw it up to me the whole 'durin' time if I should go to work an' keep company with her!"

"Mebbe they've forgot by this time," Uncle Bart responded hopefully; "though it's an awful risk when you think o' Companion Pike! Samuel, he was baptised and Samuel he continued to be, till he married the Widder Bixby from Waterboro. Bein' as how there wa'n't nothin' partic'ly attractive 'bout him—though he was as nice a feller as ever lived—somebody asked her why she married him, an' she said her cat had jest died an' she wanted a companion. The boys never let go o' that story! Samuel Pike he ceased to be thirty year ago, an' Companion Pike he's remained up to this instant minute!"

"He ain't lived up to his name much," remarked Cephas. "He's to home for his meals, but I guess his wife never sees him between times." "If the cat had lived mebbe she'd 'a' been better comp'ny, on the whole," chuckled Uncle Bart. "Companion was allers kind o' dreamy an' absent minded from a boy. I remember askin' him what his wife's Christian name was (she bein' a stranger to Riverboro), an' he said he didn't know! Said he called her 'Mis' Bixby afore he married her an' 'Mis' Pike afterwards!"

"Well, there's something turrible queer 'bout this marryin' business," and Cephas drew a sigh from the heels of his boots. "It seems 's if a man hedn't no natcher drawin' towards a girl with a good farm 'n' stock that was willin' to have him! Seems jest as if it set him ag'in' her somehow! And yet, if you've got to sing out o' the same book with a girl your whole lifetime, it does seem 's if you'd ought to have a kind of a fancy for her at the start, anyhow!"

"You may feel dif'rent as time goes on, Cephas, an' come to see Feeble-I would say, Phoebe—as your mother



"He ain't livin' up to his name much," remarked Cephas.

does. "The best fire don't dare up the soonest," you know." But old Uncle Bart saw that his son's heart was heavy and forebore to press the subject.

Annabel Franklin had returned to Boston after a month's visit and to her surprise had returned as disengaged as she came. Mark Wilson, thoroughly bored by her vacillities of mind, longed now for more intercourse with Patty Baxter, Patty, so gay and unexpected; so lively to talk with, so plucking to the fancy, so skittish and difficult to manage, so temptingly pretty, with a beauty all her own, and never two days alike.

There were many lions in the way, and these only added to the zest of pursuit. With all the other girls of the village opportunities multiplied, but he could scarcely get ten minutes alone with Patty. The deacon's orders were absolute in regard to young men. His daughters were never to drive or



**DOWN IN THE CELLAR**  
where the pipes are is where there is apt to be trouble. If any should occur at your place send for us at once. We are experts at all sorts of repair work and we are also experts at getting on the job promptly and of keeping the bills down.

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WEST PIKE STREET

walk alone with them, never to go to dances or "routs" of any sort and never receive them at the house, this last mandate being quite unnecessary, as no youth in his right mind would have gone a-courtin' under the deacon's forbidding gaze. And still there were sudden, delicious chances to be seized now and then if one had his eyes open and his wits about him. There was the walk to or from the singing school, when a sentimental couple could drop a few feet at least behind the rest and exchange a word or two in comparative privacy; there were the church "circles" and prayer meetings and the intervals between Sunday services, when Mark could detach Patty a moment from the group on the meeting house steps. More valuable than all these, a complete schedule of Patty's various movements here and there, together with a profound study of Deacon Baxter's habits, which were ordinarily as punctual as they were disagreeable, permitted Mark many stolen interviews, as sweet as they were brief. There was never a second kiss, however, in these casual meetings and partings. The first, in springtime, had found Patty a child, surprised, unprepared. She was a woman now, for it does not take years to achieve that miracle; months will do it or days or even hours. Her summer's experience with Cephas Cole had wonderfully broadened her powers, giving her an assurance sadly lacking before, as well as a knowledge of detail, a certain finished skill in the management of a lover, which she could ably use on any one who happened to come along. And at the moment any one who happened to come along served the purpose admirably, Philip Perry as well as Marquis Wilson.

Young Perry's interest in Patty, as we have seen, began with his alienation from Ellen Wilson, the first object of his affections, and it was not at the outset at all of a sentimental nature. Philip was a pillar of the church, and Ellen had proved so entirely lacking in the religious sense, so self-satisfied as to her standing with the heavenly powers, that Philip dared not expose himself longer to her society lest he find himself "unequally yoked together with an unbeliever," thus defying the scriptural admonition as to marriage.

Patty, though somewhat lacking in the qualities that go to the making of trustworthy saints, was not, like Ellen, wholly given over to the fleshpots and would prove a valuable convert, Philip thought, one who would reflect great credit upon him if he succeeded in inducing her to subscribe to the stern creed of the day.

Philip was a very strenuous and slightly gloomy believer, dwelling considerably on the wrath of God and the doctrine of eternal punishment. There was an old "pennyroyal" hymn much in use which describes the general tenor of his meditation—

My thoughts on awful subjects roll—  
Damnation and the dead,  
What horrors seize the guilty soul  
Upon a dying bed!

(No wonder that Jacob Cochrane's lively songs, cheerful, hopeful, militant and bracing, fell with a pleasing sound upon the ear of the believer of that epoch.) The love of God had, indeed, entered Philip's soul, but in some mysterious way had been ossified after it got there. He had intensely black hair, dark skin and a liver that disposed him constitutionally to an ardent belief in the necessity of hell for most of his neighbors and the hope of spending his own glorious immortality in a small, properly restricted and prudently managed heaven. He was eloquent at prayer meeting, and Patty's only objection to him there was in his disposition to allude to himself as a "rebel worm" with frequent references to his "vile body." Otherwise and when not engaged in theological discussion Patty liked Philip very much. His own father, although an orthodox member of the fold in good and regular standing, had "doctored" Phil conscientiously for his liver from his youth up, hoping in time to induce in him a sunnier view of life, for the doctor was somewhat skilled in adapting his remedies to spiritual maladies. Jed Morrill had always said that when old Mrs. Buxton, the champion convert of Jacob Cochrane, was at her worst—keeping her whole family awake nights by her hysterical fears for their future—Dr. Perry had given her a twelfth of a grain of tartar emetic five times a day until she had entire mental relief, and her anxiety concerning the salvation of her husband and children was set completely at rest.

The good doctor noted with secret pleasure his son's growing fondness for the society of his prime favorite, Miss Patience Baxter. "He'll begin by trying to save her soul," he thought. "Phil always begins that way, but when Patty gets him in hand he'll remember the existence of his heart, an organ he has never taken into consideration. A love affair with a pretty girl, good but not too pious, will help Phil considerably, however it turns out."

There is no doubt but that Phil was taking his chances and that under Patty's tutelage he was growing mel-

lower. As for Patty, she was only amusing herself and frisking like a young lamb in pastures where she had never strayed before. Her fancy flew from Mark to Phil and from Phil back to Mark again, for at the moment she was just a vessel of emotion, ready to empty herself on she knew not what. Impermanently, she would take advantage of currents rather than steer at any time, and it would be the strongest current that would finally bear her away. Her idea had always been that she could play with fire without burning her own fingers and that the flames she kindled were so innocent and mild that no one could be harmed by them. She had fancied up to now that she could control, urge on or cool down a man's feeling forever and a day if she chose and remain mistress of the situation. Now, after some weeks of weighing and balancing her two swains, she found herself confronting a choice once and for all. Each of them seemed to be approaching the state of mind where he was likely to say, somewhat violently, "Take me or leave me, one or the other!" But she did not wish to take them, and still less did she wish to leave them, with no other lover in sight but Cephas Cole, who was almost, though not quite, worse than none.

If matters by lack of masculine patience and self control did come to a crisis what should she say definitely to either of her suitors? Her father despised Mark Wilson a trifle more than any young man on the river, and while he could have no objection to Phil Perry's character or position in the world, his hatred of old Dr. Perry amounted to a disease. When the doctor had closed the eyes of the third Mrs. Baxter he had made some plain and unwelcome statements that would rankle in the deacon's breast as long as he lived. Patty knew, therefore, that the chance of her father's blessing falling upon her union with either of her present lovers was more than uncertain, and of what use was an engagement if there could not be a marriage?

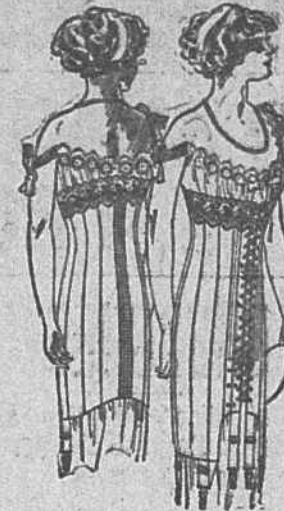
If Patty's mind inclined to a somewhat speedy departure from her father's household she can hardly be blamed, but she felt that she could not carry any of her indecisions and fears to her sister for settlement. Who could look in Waitstill's clear, steadfast eyes and say, "I can't make up my mind which to marry?" Not Patty. She felt, instinctively, that Waitstill's heart, if it moved at all, would rush out like a great river to lose itself in the ocean and, losing itself, forget the narrow banks through which it had flowed before. Patty knew that her own love was at the moment nothing more than the note of a child's penny flute and that Waitstill was perhaps vibrating secretly with a deeper, richer music than could ever come to her. Still, music of some sort she meant to feel. "Even if they make me decide one way or another before I am ready," she said to herself, "I'll never say 'yes' till I'm more in love than I am now."

(To be continued.)

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# LYNCH'S

## SEASONABLE STYLE ANNOUNCEMENT



We are pleased to announce that the Aurora Corset Company, at our special request, will send their expert corsetiere to our store for two days' demonstration.

**FRIDAY, MAY 15th, AND SATURDAY, MAY 16th.**

Seldom has such an opportunity been offered to the ladies of our city. Daily demonstrations will be made at our store of the well-known

## Henderson & La Princesse Corsets

and you are most cordially invited to attend and consult the corsetiere, Miss Maguire. Take advantage of this opportunity and benefit by expert advice, as to the style of corset you should wear. Miss Maguire will fit any of these celebrated corsets free of charge. Henderson and La Princesse Corsets are conceded to be among the best and most fashionable corsets manufactured.

See the assortment of elegant corsets in ultra-fashionable designs carried by our demonstrator.

# LYNCH'S

## City Water Today

Following is today's test for fever and other germs as made by Perkins Boynton, chemist at the water works. Also precipitation for the twenty-four hours ending at 10 o'clock today:

ANALYSIS.		Bacillus coli present in	
No. of bacteria in	1.0 c.c.	0.1 c.c.	1.0 c.c.
River water.....	180	0	0
City water.....	0	0	0

**EXPLANATION.**  
C. C.—Cubic centimeter (about) a thimbleful.  
Bacillus coli—intestinal germ.  
Precipitation .35.

## Disease Due To Germs

All disease, not only infectious disease, but all other disease—colds, throat troubles, intestinal troubles—are all due to implanted germs. These germs, once in the body, multiply by millions. Nature provides for their extermination, but sometimes is unequal to the task.  
When Nature begins to lose you soon feel the toxins or poisons—your head aches—your tongue is coated—you are dizzy, woozy, stupid, half sick—half sure enough sick—then sure enough sick—then sure enough sick.  
The bile is clogged and must be released before you get relief. Bile is the disinfectant that stops the multiplication of germs. Releases the bile and the trouble is relieved.  
The old-time Doctor who had no regard for your comfort, would give Don't "Wear Out" a Cough or Cold—Smoother Out with Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey.

# Millinery Sale!

**Thursday, Friday and Saturday**

We want our friends to know about the great bargains we are now giving, and we guarantee our Hats to be the best the market affords.

For this special sale, we will have:  
Black and White Hats from ..... \$5.00 to \$7.00  
Fine quality of Hemp hats, trimmed in small flowers, ..... \$6.00 to \$8.00

### SPECIAL

For these three days only ..... \$5.00 Hats for \$3.50  
Large shaded plumes in all colors ..... \$4.00 to \$8.00  
Children's and Misses' Hats ..... \$1.50 to \$5.00

This has been one of the most successful seasons we have ever enjoyed, which has encouraged us to give you greater bargains than ever.

Owing to the big rush of business we were compelled to wire to Cleveland for a head trimmer, Miss Butler, who is direct from the summer openings, and has brought with her the latest creations in Millinery.

We will be pleased to have our customers call and inspect our beautiful line.

**Mrs. C. E. DeForest**  
Irwin-Lockwood Building